BRIGHT BITS PICKED FROM "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

Clara Kummer's Whimsical Humor Provides Lively Dialogue and an Alice in Wonderland Logic for Characters That Might Have Been Found in a Hotel Lobby of New York To-day

LOLA FISHER as THE HEROINE OF "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

Left to Right—WALTER SCHELIN, ROLAND YOUNG, HELEN LEE, RUTH HARDING, LOLA FISHER and PALMER COLLINS in "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

Photo © by Ira L. Hill.

The various people brought together by Clara Kummer in her play "Good Gracious Annabelle," now at the Republic Theatre, might have been picked up in the lobby of some hotel near Broadway and Forty-second street. The one way, of course, in which these people differ from Tom, Dick and Harry is that Miss Kummer's dialogue is more sparkling than ordinary people's conversation. With the license which farce comedy gives the author has put her own whimsical humor into their lines. When *Annabelle*, arguing on behalf of the kitchen as against the drawing room, says: "Oh, what use is the rest of the family if you kill the cook?" she displays the same impressive logic that has made "Alice in Wonderland" a classic. If Alice and the Red Knight and the Dormouse and the Hatter were plumped down in a New York hotel lobby they would probably talk like *Annabelle*. Then there is a wide appeal in lines like that of *Lottie* the cook, "There is always something the matter with everybody that likes me."

[Here are some of the bright bits in the play. In the lobby of the Hotel St. Swithin two bohemians meet for lunch—in the little restaurant around the corner. *Ethel Deane* is "the greatest portrait painter in New York," whose only drawback is that she can't sell her portraits. *Wilbur Jennings* is a free verse poet, considered by some "the greatest in the world."]

Bohemia's Luncheon.

ETHEL—Am I late? Are we having lunch here, Wilbur?

Jennings—well—are we?

Ethel—Did you sell your verses to Binder?

Jennings—No—He seemed to think they were indecent, and when I explained to him that they weren't, he lost interest in them; so that's off.

Ethel—Oh, dear—why did you have to explain.

Jennings—How about the picture—all right?

Ethel [hands him note]—Here, let me read it. Mrs. Silliman's morning swat. [Takes note and reads] "I am returning the portrait of my husband; I would not have such a looking thing in the house."

Jennings—But she has him in the house.

Ethel—So there's $500 gone to the dogs.

Jennings—Well, what do you say to going around to the bakery? They really have very good noodle soup.

Ethel—Wilbur, I consider myself the greatest artist in New York city; you are the greatest poet. Why should we have to eat in a bakery?

Jennings—Well, artists and poets always have; it's become a sort of tradition.

Ethel—Well, I won't do it as long as one does those things one has to. We should avoid poor people.

Jennings—You mean we should avoid each other?

Ethel—Of course not; but, really, Wilbur, it does seem as if poverty almost rubs off.

Jennings—Come on, you're hungry, that's all's the matter.

Ethel—No, we'll have to wait for Gwen Morley; I told her I'd meet her here.

Jennings—Is she coming for lunch?

Ethel—I don't know what she's coming for.

Jennings—Oh, well, it's all right; I'll just leave my watch with the clerk. [Pulls out chain, from which watch is missing.] Oh, I forgot.

Ethel [with sarcasm]—Your watch is being cleaned again—so soon?

Jennings [meekly]—Yes.

Ethel—If Alfred is with Gwen maybe they'll have us to lunch; Alfred always has money.

Jennings—Somebody's money—well, let's hope he's with her.

The Meal Ticket.

[Annabelle is pained to learn that one of her checks has been returned unpaid from the bank, and is deeply grieved when she is told that the St. Swithin has learned of it and cannot give her a suite. Moreover her lawyer has assured her, in the brutal way that lawyers have, that since she has already spent her quarterly allowance she will receive no more until the 16th of October. She is the more embarrassed because a group of her dearest friends are already in the Palm Room, ordering, as her guests, the grandest luncheon the St. Swithin can provide. This is what happens.]

Annabelle—Why, I haven't any place to go. [She goes to seat and stands for a moment. Sits on seat.] And no money for three months. I can't pay for the lunch until the 16th of October. They can never eat that long. [Annabelle hesitates, then is seized with an idea.] Boy, page Mr. Rawson.

Alec—He's right here, madam.

John Rawson [a rich mine owner from Montana, coming to her]—Excuse me—did you send for me?

Annabelle—I did. [Motioning him to sit down.] Mr. Rawson, I wanted to ask you something. You know, you seem to me to be a man, who without understanding might understand so much. In a situation I mean, well, like mine, for instance. Mr. Rawson, do you know Watts's picture of Hope? I mean, have you seen it? The original? [He shakes his head no, looking at her with deep interest.] Well, you wonder why she does. For there the woman sits, on a world, a large ball in space, with a bandage over her eyes, playing on a broken harp. Oh, more than broken, but there is a single string, yes, she has that, just a little bit of a string, and in the sky there is a tiny, oh, the smallest imaginable star. What I was going to say was, Will you have lunch with me?

Rawson—I'm sorry, but I cant. I would have been glad to, but I can't.

Annabelle—Oh! [Sadly.] If I had asked you before, you would?

Rawson—Gladly, but why should you want me? You have artists, poets, and all friends. While I am only a stranger.

Annabelle—I don't know, but it seemed to me you would supply something the rest of us lack.

Rawson—Really? What is that?

Annabelle—Success.

Rawson—Oh, but I'm not a success.

Annabelle—Fifty thousand dollars a day.

Rawson—That isn't success. I failed in the most important thing I ever had to do. Fifty thousand dollars a day isn't happiness; it isn't success.

Annabelle—Perhaps not. It seems like a very good beginning. Mr. Rawson, do you think that a woman has the same right to ask a thing of a man that if she were a man she would feel that she could?

Rawson [puzzled]—Do you mean do I believe in votes for women?

Annabelle—No, I didn't, but of course that would be part of it. Free speech and the vote would make women less timid, I suppose——

Rawson—It doesn't seem to. They have it in the West, where I come from.

Annabelle [aside]—Oh, dear, here we are talking politics, and I'm really hungry——

Rawson—Oh, I mustn't keep you. [Getting up.]

Annabelle [desperately]—No, please don't go. I haven't told you what I wanted to. I want something done for me, Mr. Rawson. It's perfectly absurd, but I do——

Rawson [eagerly]—Tell me what it is——

Annabelle—I can't—that is, I will—— I want you, just for to-day.

Rawson—Yes——

Annabelle [waving the orchid nervously, unable to say what she intended to]—Wear this flower—I know it seems foolish; I don't know why I ask you. I wouldn't do it if I were you—it'll look ridiculous.

Rawson [seizing the flower]—I will—I will wear it, and I will have lunch with you

Annabelle—Oh, no, please don't.

Rawson—I will. Nothing—not even you—shall stop me.

The Corespondent.

[Annabelle is embarrassed at the news brought to her by Harry Murchison that his wife, Ada, jealous of his admiration for Annabelle, has sued him for divorce.]

Murchison [hurriedly going to her]—Annabelle, I've just had Ada's lawyers on the phone. I hardly know how to tell you this—maybe it would be better to wait and let you read it in the newspaper.

Annabelle—Good gracious, Harry, what is it?

Murchison—Ada has named you as corespondent.

Annabelle—Named me?

Murchison—It's terrible—I could kill her.

Annabelle—You should have thought of that before, Harry.

Murchison—No, but don't you remember that day you came to see me at the hotel? You came to my rooms. I think she had us watched, Annabelle.

Annabelle—Well, if she had us watched we're all right.

Murchison—I suppose it was our being at the fair together.

Annabelle—But we weren't alone at the fair.

Murchison—Oh, it's on your account that I feel so furious, you dear, sweet little——

Annabelle—Harry! Remember—you promised never to speak to me in that tone of voice.

Murchison—I can't help it—when I think of what you've got to go through.

Annabelle—What will they do to me, Harry?

Murchison—Oh, my God! I don't know.

Annabelle—Good gracious, will it be as bad as that?

Murchison—If you could only get away before they do anything.

Annabelle—Get away? Can they stop me?

Murchison—They'll serve you with papers.

Annabelle—Well, I wouldn't mind that, would I?

Murchison—Then you'd have to appear, you know—dragged through the courts. It's unbelievable——

Annabelle [nervous but brave]—Dragged through the courts, Harry?

Murchison—And on my account. And all for nothing. If there was anything in it I'd stand up and take my medicine like a man.

Annabelle—Yes, but I'm not a man—who'd take mine?

Murchison—My dear child, you've got to go away from here. As soon as they find you're in town they'll have a flock of process servers after you. I know, Ada. I'll find some place for you. You've got to get away. [Exit Murchison.]

Annabelle [sitting down in a daze]—This is awful. I'm just a homeless, penniless corespondent. I've got to get away!

The House Party.

[Getting away from divorce suits is not always so easy, but Annabelle does it by offering herself as a cook in the Long Island home of George Wimbledon, millionaire and bon vivant. The situation is the more desirable since the place is already well supplied with servants, and the only one in the family is Mr. Wimbledon himself, and he is away. Moreover, Annabelle's four bohemian friends go with her as servants in various capacities for which they are not in the last fitted. Rawson in the meantime has had an idea of his own, that of renting Wimbledon's place from Mr. Ludgate, Wimbledon's butler, in his absence. And of course the Montana millionaire and the pretty New York butterfly meet. Annabelle is surprised and embarrassed again.]

Rawson—I beg your pardon—why, it's you!

Annabelle—Why, so it is—isn't it?

Rawson—I'm awfully glad to see you.

Annabelle—What a wonderful fish!

Rawson—So you're visiting here!

Annabelle—What a nice face it has I mean, for a fish.

Rawson [turns to Alec]—Alec, take this fish.

Alec—Where shall I put it, sir?

Rawson—Put it in the bay.

Annabelle—Don't put it in the bay on my account.

[Exit Alec.]

Rawson—You must know Mr. Wimbledon very well—to visit him when he's away.

Annabelle—Yes, well, I think you see enough of people when you're not visiting them, don't you? And the best time to visit them is when they're away. Where are you stopping, Mr. Rawson?

Rawson—Why, I'm stopping here.

Annabelle—Here? Then you know Mr. Wimbledon?

Rawson—No, I don't. The fact is I wanted to be down here, and I rented the place.

Annabelle—Of Mr. Wimbledon?

Rawson—No, I made an arrangement with his butler.

Annabelle—Think of James doing that!

Rawson—Yes, my doing it, of course, is quite to be expected, but I can't understand if James knew you were coming.

Annabelle—He didn't. No, it was a surprise to James—it was a surprise to us really—but it was so warm in town, and we didn't know where to go, so I said, Why not go down to Old Rook Point, even if George is away?

Rawson [relieved]—I see. Then you're not alone.

Annabelle—Oh, no. All the people you met yesterday are with me. Oh, Mr. Rawson, think of my forgetting what you did!

Rawson—Please forget it if it was anything you didn't like.

Annabelle—You paid for my lunch party.

Rawson—I know. I shouldn't have done it, of course—I thought of that afterward.

Annabelle—I'm so glad you didn't think of it before—I mean—a little spontaneity at times is so refreshing—don't you think so? I'm sorry you have to go.

Rawson—So am I.

Annabelle—If Mr. Wimbledon were only here.

Rawson—That wouldn't help me any.

Annabelle—Oh, yes—he would ask you to stay, I'm sure—but you see I can't very well.

The Cave Man.

[Annabelle's lawyer, Gosling, shocked at her behavior, has likewise followed her to Wimbledon's place. Rawson hangs around to find out more about the lady's state of mind toward—somebody. Gosling expostulates.]

Gosling—Annabelle, I want you to return to the city with me. You compromise yourself by staying here.

Annabelle—Well, I'm a corespondent, Mr. Gosling—and if there's any little pleasure to be got out of being compromised I shall get it.

Gosling—We will take the 12:05 back to New York. I will be outside on the porch waiting for you. [Exit with dignity.]

Rawson—You didn't really mean it—about being a corespondent?

Annabelle—Yes, Mr. Rawson, it's true, and though I'm quiet about it, it's not because I'm used to it. It's most unusual.

Rawson—Mr. Murchison?

Annabelle—It's so ridiculous. I'm fond of Harry, but he's not the sort of man at all that I could imagine being a corespondent for.

Rawson—Tell me, haven't you any one to look after you?

Annabelle—Yes, yes. I must tell you. I have a husband somewhere.

Rawson—A husband somewhere! He can't be much use to you.

Annabelle—Oh, yes, he's helpful at times.

Rawson—You don't know where he is?

Annabelle—Not exactly—but near enough.

Rawson—I see; you—you don't get on.

Annabelle—Oh, yes, we do; we never see each other.

Rawson—You can't tell me what he did—what particular thing he did.

Annabelle—Well, he wasn't particular about what he did, Mr. Rawson; he ruined my father in the first place, but the worst thing he did was his marrying me. I ran away from him. I've never seen him since the night I spent in his cave.

Rawson—He was a cave man?

Annabelle—Yes, they called him the Hermit; he hadn't any name. I suppose his parents ran away from him when he was a baby. He probably frightened them—though he hadn't any beard then. The only thing I remember about him was his beard; it was down to here—no, to here—and I suppose it's been growing ever since. I was only 16 when I went out there. Mr. Rawson—you see there was a terrible fight about a mine—this terrible Hermit stole it from my father.

Rawson—But how could he do that? Those fellows out there won't stand for stealing horses or mines.

Annabelle—Oh, yes, they will, Mr. Rawson. They did, his friends all helped him.

Rawson—Do you remember just what happened?

Annabelle—Do I remember? The howling, fighting mob breaking into our log house and the hermit grabbing me! "This is my loot, boys!"—that's what he said—just like a scene in the movies.

Rawson—But they didn't kill your father, and you did get away.

Annabelle—No, I didn't—I spent the night in his cave. I told him I was frightfully compromised. He said: "What's that?" And when I explained he flew into a terrible rage and brought in a terrible man and married me.

Rawson—Poor child! [Trying not to smile.]

Annabelle—Yes, and the worst of it was—that after he married me he wanted me to stay in his cave. He begged me to—when I close my eyes I can see him, his shaggy face quite close to mine, his glittering eyes, his terrible, strong hands! He was so strong—he took me by the wrists just for a moment.

Rawson—But then he let you go. [Moved.]

Annabelle—Yes, for I cried, you see. I always cry when I'm angry. He thought I was afraid

Rawson—Weren't you?

Annabelle—I don't know—I was angry first, and then I cried and cried and cried until he put me right out of his cave. Wasn't it splendid that I could cry like that?

Wimbledon's Return.

[In the third act Wimbledon has returned to his country house. He has been considerably sobered by the discovery that two shares of stock giving control of a mine have been stolen from his pocket while he was having a nap on the kitchen table. He calls in a detective to straighten matters out. But he is faced by still another difficulty—the apparent understanding between Rawson, whom he has accepted as the captain of "The Blue Bell," and Annie, the cook.]

Wimbledon—I suppose you know I've been robbed. I don't suspect any one, but as there's a detective on the place I'm going to use him to exonerate everybody. All but one. So stick around within call. [Exit Rawson.] You mustn't flirt with John, Annie. I think he'd take it very hard if you threw him down. Flirt with me. I'm fireproof, I've automatic sprinklers in my hat, all doors open outward and I've the requisite number of escapes.

Annabelle—Very well, sir, I will, but not just now.

[Enter James.]

James—My friend, Mr. Wickham, sir.

[Enter Wickham.]

Wickham [the detective]—Well, Mr. Wimbledon, it's a beautiful place you've got down here.

Wimbledon—Yes, but it's nothing to the beautiful people.

Wickham—We'll soon have all that straightened out, sir. I conduct an inquiry of this kind according to the latest psychological methods.

Wimbledon—All right, Wickham. You understand it was two shares of stock in an envelope taken out of my coat pocket while I was having a short nap on the kitchen table.

[Exit Wimbledon and Wickham. Annabelle rises.]

James [pleadingly to Annie]—Please, please, Annie—just a moment.

Annabelle—Well, what is it, James?

James—I'm expecting me walking papers from Mr. Wimbledon, Annie. He'll never stand for me renting the place to Mr. Rawson.

Annabelle—Well—perhaps Mr. Rawson will do something for you, James.

James—Just what I thought, Annie—it wouldn't be a bad idea if we was to go into his employ together. He seems to have taken quite a fancy to you. [Annabelle is pensive.] Speak to him for us both, Annie.

Annabelle—Speak for yourself, James.

James—You wouldn't want to go with Mr. Rawson, Annie?

Annabelle—No, James—I—I can't trust him.

James—That don't matter, Annie—just so he trusts us.

Back to the Cave.

[The detective's investigation fails flat because of the sudden untangling of several mistaken identities. Chief among them is Wimbledon's discovery that Rawson is his hated rival and original owner of the two precious shares of stock. There is a good deal here to explain, and Annie, the indispensable Annabelle, is called.]

Annabelle—Did you call me?

Wimbledon—Yes, let's have a little tea, my dear, and then Mr. Rawson and I are going.

Annabelle—Going?

Wimbledon—Going into partnership, aren't we, Rawson?

Annabelle—Into partnership!

Rawson—I'll explain.

Wimbledon—I'll explain; Rawson is a thief, Annie, and I need one in my business.

Annabelle—Are you joking, Mr. Wimbledon?

Wimbledon—He stole the two shares of stock out of my pocket, Annie

Annabelle—Does he say so?

Wimbledon—Of course, my dear—you don't understand—his doing that shows that he is worthy of being Wimbledon's partner.

Annabelle—It shows nothing, for he didn't do it. Oh, how awful men are! How perfectly dreadful they are! They lie and steal, and even when they don't they say they do. [Looking from Rawson to Wimbledon.] He has no right to go into partnership with you.

Wimbledon—The dear thing's gone off her head.

Rawson—I'll explain it all to you, don't be worried, please. Just trust me.

Annabelle [her hands on her breast]—Oh, I can't. I have it here—the stock.

Wimbledon—You?

Annabelle—Yes, here it is. It belongs to me. I paid for it with the money I borrowed from you.

Wimbledon—But I don't understand, Annie. Was this the stock that Colton Morrison——

Annabelle—Yes, it was. [Changing her mind.] No, it wasn't. There isn't any Colton Morrison.

Wimbledon—Why, Annie Dappledown——

Annabelle—There isn't any Annie Dappledown. The stock belongs to me, and I'm Annabelle Leigh! Good gracious! I've been a long time telling you!

Wimbledon—A big conspiracy—just as Wickham said. You came down here to get that stock.

Annabelle [looking up at him]—[illegible] that wasn't all. I came down because yesterday I suddenly found myself in desperate need. I found myself homeless, penniless and a corespondent, all at once.

Wimbledon—A corespondent, Annie? Who's the lucky man?

Annabelle [not heeding]—It was [illegible] much. I overheard your butler [illegible] about this wonderful place, and said that you needed a cook.

Rawson [amazed]—A cook?

Annabelle—It seemed like the [illegible] of Providence—so we all came down, your new servants aren't servants at all. [To Wimbledon.] They're just poor—like me.

Wimbledon—Poor servants—I noticed that—well, it's the most amazing thing I ever heard of.

Rawson—Why didn't you tell me—[illegible] would have done something about it yesterday.

Annabelle—You did—you paid for the lunch——

Rawson [agitatedly]—But your husband sends you money——

Annabelle—Oh, yes.

Rawson—He doesn't send [illegible] enough——.

Annabelle—He couldn't—he sends every quarter, but I need it every second—it's so hard to pay your [illegible] when the checks come right back. I never had a cashier in any bank that adds the same way I do—and oh, you can't imagine the desperation of a woman alone in a room with an unbalanced bank account.

[By this time there is nothing left to explain except that Annabelle is "in love with the right man"—none other than the Hermit, now shaved and established in society, devoted to the memory of his lost wife all these years. And having this explained, there is nothing to do but to carry her, unresisting, to the cave."]

LOLA FISHER and WALTER HAMPDEN,

GOING AND STOPPING ON THE AVENUE

IN "Pagan Papers" Kenneth Grahame writes of roads that do actually seem to be going somewhere of their own free will. His roads that literally go are all in England—the Ridgeway of the North Berkshire Downs is his favorite—but had the author of "Dream Days" and "The Golden Age" known his Fifth avenue as well as he knew the Downs he would no doubt have found the same engaging quality about it.

Fifth avenue goes at the brisk, heel snapping walk of a young man in his 20s. Up and down from the Arch to the huddled shanties in the hundreds the avenue hurries every day. Through its mean middle the quick stepping traffic continues this illusion of healthy haste.

It is only at noon, when the little furriers and cloakmakers come out to take the sun from Fourteenth street to the Waldorf, that this pace is perceptibly slackened.

The war correspondents say that one of the most depressing things to-day in any European capital is the drag of the crowds on the streets, with all the young men at the front and only the slow moving folk abroad. But save for the Red Cross stations and the posters appealing for funds the avenue is free of war's dun shadows. On she swings, urbane, observant, a bit better clothed than ever, always willing to fall in with any true friend and talk of the things that interest her.

This is to be a Chinese year. The makers of art objects and the like are searching through fat books at the Public Library and hurrying back to shops and studios with monosyllabic titles for their lucky dogs, door knockers, lamp shades and fans.

If the Chinese craze catches on it will be reflected in every shop window along the avenue. Then will come a riot of colors such as followed the first Balkan war, broader sleeves and undoubtedly a toddly dance to lutes and sidelong looks. If the words of Fashion's Lords of High Decision are worth anything, long before Easter comes to the avenue we'll all be bowing politely and giving chow main parties.

Hard on the ukelele makers, to be sure, but Fashion always was a fickle jade.

He moves delicately through the eastbound exodus from the side streets just as the Metropolitan lights were winking five. His long white hair ripples up above his ears, heavy brows shadow deep blue eyes. The cape coat, the poke collar and huge old time cravat make up the ideal picture of the actor of several generations ago. No mistaking the Thespian air, you think to yourself, little suspecting that he is the salesman for one of the most hustling printing shops in town.

Which is the most satisfying of all the avenue's churches? Given time and ivy, St. Thomas's may some day fill the bill. But for the present the casual promenader will cling to the Old First Presbyterian, that graces the block between Eleventh and Twelfth streets.

Looking over the green clad iron fence when the light is just fading in the west and the sparrows have settled their quarrels for the day, the eye is allured by the spacious air of quiet beauty that clings all about the place.

How tremendous is the volume of the misinformation poured into the ear the man from out of town as he first comes to the avenue! What would be the rage of the Union League could its venerable walls overhear the statement given in all good faith by the six months New Yorker to his Mississippi friend that they shelter the archives of the Democratic Club!

Cab Horse (Fifth Avenue Variety):

I twist my way through the tangled fray
Of the crosstown's traffic flow.
I slip and slide with a stiff legged glide
When the copper signals "go"
I find a hole past the battered pole
Of the big truck's plodding pair.
Wherever your hand is raised to command,
Why, madam, you'll find me there.

Any close observer of traffic accidents will confirm the truth of the statement that smashups are most likely to happen not when traffic is thickest but at times when the avenue is practically clear.

This goes back, one is forced to believe, to the curious psychology of the bicyclist. Those who could without so much as turning a hair perform miracles of steering in and out of crowded thoroughfares where the slightest slip meant disaster invariably came to grief in attempting to pass a lone cyclist or a solitary milk wagon.

So when two taxicabs approach each other at any respectable speed with the avenue otherwise innocent of traffic the chances of collision are indubitably increased. A magnetism of disaster draws them together. Verify this with your own eyes the next time you are fortunate enough to witness a traffic accident.

Foggy days on Fifth avenue have their charm. The fog is so very likely to conceal the most surprising things. For example, the middle aged, near sighted commuter who, crossing the avenue, stepped off the curb with his head down and ran plump into an elephant. The elephant was explainable: it was on its way to a ferry and a Jersey circus, but a certain Orange country club remains cynical about the affair to this day.

Since the puppy shop has moved to a Fifth avenue corner he no longer gets to his desk on time. The other morning he was contemplating three fuzzy things with profound satisfaction when a moody voice unmistakably tuned to Southern airs drawled in his ears.

"Dawgs, suh, are not what they used to be."

This gratuitous information evidently called for an expression of anxious inquiry, which the Idle Apprentice immediately assumed. He also said "No?" with a rising inflection.

"No," said the voice. "Positively, suh. These are not dawgs, suh. There's not a flea in Madison county that would lift an eyebrow at them. No intelligence. Why, suh, down home I had the beatenest dawg for intelligence you ever did see.

"I had the gout then bad," went on the voice. "I had 'most everything, seems to me. Fallin', suh, peaked and measly. Sally wouldn't let me have anything, not even a harmless julep. Think of it!

"And old Doc Sparks (the meanest white man I ever did see), well, he liketer killed me. Fact, suh."

"And the dogs?" queried the I. A.

There came a chuckle. "I can't figure it out to this day. Why, that fool dawg of mine—Zeb was his name—looked at me over his paws one day in such an onderstandin' manner that I just broke down and told him everything. Do you know what Zeb did then? Why, suh, he went directly to my mint bed, pulled up a bunch of the best and brought it back and laid it at my feet. Yes, suh. And I got up and locked the door, and when Sally and Doc finally did get in if you'll believe me I was a new man."